FUNERAL TEARS

Upon the Death

OF

Captain William Bedloe.

Burlesking & aburing ye Pap!

SAd Fate! our valiant Captain *Bedloe*,
In Earth, cold Bed lyes with his head low:
Who to his last made out the PLOT,
And Swearing dy'd upon the Spot.
Sure Death was Popishly affected,
She had our Witness else protected:
Or downright Papist, or the Jade
A Papist is in Mascarade.
The Valiant *Bedloe*, Learned *Oates*,
From Popish Knives sav'd all our Throats:
By such a Sword, and such a Gown
Soon would the *Beast* have tumbled down.
They Conquer like the *Hebrew* King,
And Oaths at *Rome*'s *Goliah* sling:
And never take God's Name in vain;
As many Oaths, so many slain.
The stoutest of the *Roman* Band
Could not their thundering Volleys stand;
But all those Missioners of Hell
By dint of Affidavit fell.
Great things our *Heroe* brought to light;
Yet greater still kept out of sight:
And for his King, and Countries sake
Still new Discoveries could make:
In proper season to relieve,
He still kept something in his sleeve;
He was become for *England*'s good,
An endless Mine, a wastless flood;
Still prodigal, yet never poor,
No spending could exhaust his Store.
But Death, alas! that Popish Fiend,
To all our hopes has put an end;
Has stop'd the Course, and dry'd the Spring
Which new Plot-tidings still would bring.
This Witness (did the Fates so please)
Had sworn us into Happiness;
Made the Court chast, Religion pure;
And wrought an Universal Cure;
Sworn *Westminster* into good Order,
Reform'd Chief-Justice, and Recorder:
The Land from *Romish* Locusts purg'd,
And from *Whitehal* the Chits had scourg'd;
Had judg'd the great Succession-Case,
And sworn the Crown to the right place.
England! The mighty loss bemoan!
Thy watchful Sentinel is gone.
Now may the Pilgrims land from *Spain*,
And undiscover'd cross the Main.
Now may the Forty Thousand Men
In Popish Arms be rais'd agen;
Black Bills may fly about our ears;
Who shall secure us from our Fears?
Jesuits may fall to their old sport
Of Burning, Slaying Town and Court,
And we never the wiser for't.
Then pitty us; Exert thy Power
To save us in this dangerous Hour.
Thou hast to Death Sworn many men,
Ah! Swear thy self to Life agen.

FINIS.

LONDON; Printed for *J. Vade*, 1681:

27. Aug. 1680:

On Capt. Wm Bedloe

God is pleased when man doth cease from Sin,
The Devill is pleas'd when he a Soul can win,
The world is pleas'd when that an ill man dies,
Then all are pleas'd, for here will Bedloe lies.